

PROTESILAUS:
OR, THE
CHARACTER
OF AN
EVIL MINISTER.

BEING A
PARAPHRASE

On Part of the
Tenth Book of *TELEMACHUS.*

By *CHARLES FORMAN*, Esq;

And Dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir R----- W-----.

Curse on his Virtues! they've undone his Country. Cato.

L O N D O N:

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PROTESTANT
OF THE
CHURCH
OF
EVIL MINISTERS
PARAPHRASE
THE NEW TESTAMENT
OF
THE GOSPEL
OF THE LIGHT
OF THE
OF THE
OF THE
OF THE





TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir Robert Walpole, &c.

S I R,



F I thought, in the whole Universe, there was a Man that knew how to apply some of the following Characters better than you do, I would use my utmost Endeavour to find him out, and make him a Present of them. But as such an Enquiry would be but downright Madness, while you live, and manage the publick Affairs, every Man of Sense will think I act prudently, in sparing my self the Pains of so unnecessary a Search, and approve my Judgment, in desiring your Patronage of a Piece, about which I have spent a few Hours with a great deal of Satisfaction.

The Want of Employment has very often put Men upon such Amusements, to pass away their Time, and keep themselves out of Idleness, as have afterwards turned to the Advantage of their Country: This is what I always had in View in every thing I publish'd, and hope that the following Paraphrase on Part of the Tenth Book of the *Adventures of TELEMACHUS*, will be altogether as well received by *Great Britain*, as some of my other Performances have been, especially since it is expressly intended as an Introduction to an Enquiry into the Conduct of a certain Minister of State, who has made a mighty Bustle in the World. Not, Sir, that I aspire to the Reputation of an Author; I only aim at giving such Hints as I think may be improved to the Service of the Nation: And were I not fully persuaded, that the following Piece, and the Things it is designed to introduce, will have very useful and important Consequences, I neither would venture to expose it in publick, nor, of all Men living, make you the Patron of it.

For how useful soever the Observations I have made abroad may be to *Great Britain*, I know very well, that it would be ridiculous in me to expect to please you by publishing them, or even by any thing else that I can do for her Service. Nevertheless, I shall always go on in what I think is my Duty; and in doing so, shew the World, that I neither flatter you, in Order to patch up old Quarrels, nor expect any Gratification, for singling you out, from amongst all the Ministers of *Europe*, to make so extraordinary a Present to.

As you certainly possess a great many Qualities, which not only distinguish you from the Bulk of Mankind, but, I may say, without Partiality, even from all your Fellow-subjects, not one excepted, your *Modesty* is none of the less common Topicks of Conversation. It being then so universally talk'd of, I stand in no dread of your Indignation, for not bringing Incense in my Hand, and mingling with the Crowd of your Petitioners and Clients. You see already, Sir, that I don't intend to address you in the Stile and Fustian of the Rank of common Dedicators; I come like a plain downright *Briton*, to present you with the Character of an *Ambitious, Corrupt, Wicked Minister*, because you are a *Mighty Minister* your self: In reading it, which I don't doubt but you will do, with your usual Temper and Moderation, and with as great an Eye to the Interest of your Country, and the Honour of your Sovereign, as you have had in every Part of your Conduct, you may, perhaps find Circumstances enough in it to lead you to the Knowledge of the Original, or at least of a Man very like him.

In this Dedication, I ascribe no Quality to you which you do not possess; I enter into no Genealogical Account of the Antiquity of your Family, and Achievements of your Ancestors; I make use of no indirect Means to insinuate to *Great Britain*, that she enjoys no Blessing or Advantage, but what flows directly thro' the Canal of your Administration; nor even breathes but by your Pains and Vigilance for her Safety: These things I know you abhor to hear, as much as you do all fulsome Panegyricks on your Generosity, in neglecting your own private Interest, and postponing it to the Good of the Publick, as well as all extravagant Hyperbole's on your Abilities in the Art of Governing, and the Depth of your Politicks, in keeping several foreign Courts in Dependence. To keep myself entirely within the *Probable*, and not

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not to launch out into the *Marvellous*, I lavish away no Rhetorick, either on your personal Courage shewn to your Enemies, or your Humility to your Inferiors, or your Benevolence to Mankind in general, or your Condescension to those who differ from you in their Sentiments concerning the Interest of the Nation; or, where you shine most, your Justice and Impartiality, in advancing worthy qualified Men to publick Employments, instead of your own *unmeriting Relations*. All these copious Subjects of Oratory I purposely omit, as being controverted Points, which more properly fall under the Cognizance of *Great Britain*, whose future Happiness, or Misery, whose Liberty or Slavery, seems now to depend entirely upon the Events which are to be expected from a Conduct that has drawn the Eyes of all *Europe* upon it, and is become the Wonder and Surprise of all Men of common Sense.

By this Method, I may, perhaps, pass for a very unpollite Dedicator, in the Opinion of a certain Sett of People; but to make me amends for such a Misfortune, I know I shall be look'd upon by every body, your self not even excepted, to be a very sincere, impartial, fearless one, and, upon that Account, I promise myself as many Readers as there are Well-wishers to their Country.

You cannot but be sensible Sir, that there is no Character in Life, in which a free People are so much interested, as in that of a Minister of State, since their very Fate, in a great Measure, depends upon his Probity, or his Corruption: There is no Character so amiable, nor yet one so detestable, just according to the Use he makes of his Power. A Minister is certainly the most important Man in a Nation, because he is chief Counsellor to his Sovereign, and but too often his Oracle. According to the Influence he has over his Master, he disposes of the Hopes, the Expectations, the Properties, the Liberties, and even the Lives of Millions of sometimes much better Men than himself. If he is a just, vigilant, able Statesman, no Praises, no Thanks, no Rewards can be sufficient for the Pains he must necessarily be at, and the honest Services he daily renders to his Country, because he has so many strong Temptations to act otherwise. But if he is corrupt, mercenary, avaricious, or ignorant in his Business, there ought to be no Medium, no Mercy in his Punishment; the greatest a Nation can inflict upon him is by much too small for his Crimes. His Ignorance

rance may be as destructive as his Perfidiousness, and the latter in Proportion to the Trust his Country reposes in him: His Guilt in doing Evil is aggravated by the Opportunity he has, and the Obligation he is under, of doing Good. Yet notwithstanding this incontestable Truth, some Princes think themselves obliged to protect their Ministers right or wrong, from the Resentments of their People. I remember to have read, in the Letter to Mr. Law, upon his Arrival in *London*, a Passage which I hope will never be made a Precedent of in *Great Britain*, tho' I can't deny but that it was practised with Justice enough in *France*. "The Duke Regent (says the ingenious Author of that Letter) who knew better than any Man what Measures the Comptroller general had advised or opposed, and who consequently was the best, and, indeed, the only Judge of his true Demerits, with a Resolution, worthy the Imitation of all Princes who would be well served, protected his Minister from the Fury of the Populace.

Mr. Law's Case was very different from that of any other Minister; and it was certainly generous in the Regent to protect him: But I would not have this Author's Doctrine become at any time hereafter a Standing Maxim of Policy at St. James's; on the contrary, I would, to prevent so fatal an Event, have it stigmatized in time with the utmost Marks of Infamy, that some future King may not be misled and betrayed, by it, into a Belief, that he is obliged in Honour to protect a Minister, whose Crimes have rendered him a Disgrace to his Country, and odious to Mankind. This Principle, if it gains ground, may be attended with Consequences very fatal to the *British* Liberties, to the *British* Commerce, and, in a Word, to all those few remaining Advantages, which, no Thanks to our Enemies, or false Friends, are yet peculiar to *Britons*.

It may some time or other happen, as it has already happened, that *Britain* may see a Prince on her Throne, who may think himself very well served, when the Nation finds it self very ill used. If such a Prince should really believe himself obliged in Honour to protect his Minister in all his Plunder and Rapine; if he should share with him in the Spoil, and join his own Natural Inclination and particular Interest to what he sees an established Maxim and Principle of Honour, the Liberties of *Britain* would be in a very precarious Condition; they would be insensibly

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bly sapped and undermined, if the Minister should either be a mettled, enterprizing Fellow himself, or have such a Man behind the Curtain to encourage and direct him. Should such a *Director* be a *Foreigner*, and bred up in the Exercise of arbitrary Power abroad, we need not expect any Bowels in him for our *Constitution*; the Lords and Commons would, in Process of Time, become of little use; they would be laid aside by Degrees, as impertinent Cloggs upon the Royal Prerogative: A Minister alone would lay *Taxes* full as well, and a *Standing Army* levy them full as expeditiously as an Act of Parliament. Nothing, in such a Case, would prevent our falling into downright Slavery, but that Courage and Resolution with which *Britain* has so fortunately exerted her self upon some memorable Occasions, and, I hope, will always do so in time, before the Thrust comes too home upon her, to parry it.

But, Sir, I would not have it inferr'd from what I have said, that I think a King should, upon every slight Occasion, deliver up his Minister to the Fury of the Populace; to do so, would be the Height of Cruelty and ill Policy: No, Sir, all I contend for in this Argument is, that when the Nation is universally dissatisfied with the Conduct of a Minister! when his Malversations seem flagrant! when his Actions appear notoriously scandalous and destructive of the publick Welfare! when the *Vox Populi* calls for Justice, and the Cry for Punishment grows loud and importunate! it is then that a *British* King should shew his Wisdom and Care of his own Family, by making appear his Love for his People, and his Concern for their Interest; he should, in my humble Opinion, immediately divest his Favourite of his Power; he should turn him out of his Post, and leave him to the Law. When that is done, true Patriots will attack him with Courage, and stand in no Dread of the Royal Displeasure for doing so; if the Minister has any Pensioners in either House of Parliament, those Pensioners will leave him to stand or fall by the Justice or Injustice of his Cause. *Men that are capable of selling their Country for Bribes, are as capable of turning ungrateful, in time of Disgrace, to those who bribed them.* The Minister, thus left alone, will only find himself in that Case of which no honest Man was ever yet afraid: If he's innocent of what he stands accused, notwithstanding Appearances against him, he will be publicly acquitted before

before all the World, and return to his Master's Esteem, Favour, and Confidence, with Honour and Triumph: But if he is really guilty, all his Villainies will then be brought to Light upon his Trial, the Nation will be saved from his treasonable Designs, the King will stand altogether blameless in the Eyes of his People; nay, the People will adore their Sovereign, while the Law is punishing his Minister, according to the Notoriety of his Crimes.

This, Sir *Robert*, I take to be a very impartial Way of Reasoning, and very wholesome honest Advice; which every Prince, whose *Will* is not the Law of the Nation he governs, will, in the main, find it his Interest and greatest Security to follow.

But Politicks apart for a few Moments.

When I first sat down to the following Piece, I intended to keep as close to my Author as possible, and try if I could mend the two former Translations of *Telemachus*; had I been successful, I was resolved to go thro' the whole Sixteen Books; but I quickly found I should fall very short of those Gentlemen who have translated them already. The Archbishop of *Cambray* was inimitable while he lived, and still continues so; and all those who endeavour to turn him into *English*, will, besides that Difficulty, find another invincible one, of our Language being inferior to the *French* for those sort of Compositions. However, not being discouraged so far as to give over a Design which I thought very useful to the Publick, I resolved, in spite of all Obstacles, to put the Characters of *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates* in such a Light, and give them such a Turn, as might render them more intelligible and useful to an *English* Reader. To this End, I ventured to paraphrase where I could not translate, and supply such Places as I thought the Archbishop had left, or rather Time had rendered, a little defective.

I cannot subscribe to the Opinion of some ill-natur'd injudicious Criticks, who call his *Telemachus* a Satire upon the late *French* King and his Ministers; nothing can be more maliciously ridiculous than such a Charge against him. The Archbishop was known to be a strict Moralist, and a great Lover of Mankind; besides the Lustre and Nobility of his Family, he was Preceptor to the Princes of *France*; he had great Obligations to the King, and was a Person of Honour and Gratitude, as well as a Man of Sense and Piety. Can any one then imagine,

that

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that he would write a Libel upon his Sovereign, when he saw him adored by all his People? or a Satyr upon his Ministers, when *France* was in her utmost Grandeur, and her Affairs in the most prosperous and flourishing Condition by their Administration? Besides, Sir, *France* has very seldom had the Misfortune, which *England* so frequently groans under, of being governed by mercenary, vile, ignorant, haughty Ministers.

Louis the Great was not to be served in such a Manner; he was greater in nothing, than in the Care he had to gain the Affections of his People; nor did he shew his Care more in any thing than in the Choice of his Ministers. A good King, I confess, may sometimes be surprized into the Choice of a bad Minister; but a bad King never employs a good one: Such a Minister is not for his Purpose. The *Grand Monarque*, as the *French* justly call him, was as accessible as the meanest Person in his Kingdom; his Court, even his Bed-chamber was always open to his Subjects, if they had any Complaints to make. It is true, he was absolute, and would be obeyed, and why not? Such were then, and such are still the Laws of *France*. But he never made use of his absolute Power to encourage Injustice or Corruption in his Ministers, or shelter them from the Resentments of the Nation, if they deserv'd them, which I don't find they ever did; for I think it may be said for the Honour, as well as the Happiness of *France*, that her Ministers have generally made it their Endeavour to signalize themselves by their Duty to their Prince, and Zeal to aggrandize their Country; witness the Condition *France* is in at present, notwithstanding all her Misfortunes and Disappointments, when almost all the Powers of *Europe* were confederated together against her. In short, it was remarked in the Reign of *Louis XIV.* (and I believe the Remark may still stand good) that the *French* enjoyed more real Liberty under their absolute Monarch, than some People in *Europe*, who were perpetually boasting of their Freedom, did under their limited one. So that, to return to the Archbishop, those who say he was exil'd from Court upon Account of his Book, know nothing of the Matter. It is no more than a fine Piece of Morality, and, I may venture to say, the best that has ever been writ, in which Persons of all Ranks and Conditions of Life may learn what all the World ought to endeavour to be, Virtuous, Brave, and Honest. But it would be an endless Task,

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and so much above my Strength, to enter into all the Beauties and due Commendation of the *Adventures* of TELEMACHUS, that I shall be wiser than to attempt what every body has hitherto miscarried in: All I shall do, according to the Duty of modern *Prefaces* or *Dedications*, which you please, is to say something of the Characters contained in the following Sheets.

To begin with *Idomeneus*, as the *primum Mobile* of the whole Machine (for it is generally, tho' not always some Fault or Weakness in the King that makes a bad Minister) we see him removed out of his own Country, and placed on a Throne, which neither he nor any of his Ancestors had once any Thoughts of ever possessing: He is represented as brave in his Person, forward in War, and a *Prince form'd for Victory*. With these Accomplishments he would certainly make an excellent King, if *Protesilaus* did not mislead him. Notwithstanding all his Virtues, we find him the Scourge of his People, by the Power he gives his Favourite over them; while he affects to become arbitrary and terrible to his Subjects, he makes himself a Slave to his Minister. "When a King, says *Mentor* to *Telemachus* in the 15th Book, "accustoms himself to no other *Law* than his own *Will*, "and gives a Loose to his Passions, he assumes a *Power* "to do every thing, and can do every thing; but, by "straining that Power too high, he saps, at the same "time, the very Foundations of his Throne: He has "no longer any certain Rule, or establish'd Maxims of "Government: He makes himself a Prey to Flatterers: "He ceases to command a free People, and becomes a "Tyrant over Slaves. Who is it then that will venture "to tell him the Truth? Every body gives Way; wise "Men fly from the Court, they hide themselves, they "groan in secret over the dying Liberties of their Country. Nothing but a sudden and violent Revolution "can bring back Things into their own natural Channel, and reduce the King within the Bounds of that "Law which he has broken thro'; very often the Attempt, which is only designed to bring him to Reason, "proves fatal to him, and ends in his Destruction. "Nothing threatens him so much with an unfortunate "Catastrophe, as that very Authority which he abuses, "and gives too great a Scope to: Like a Bow bent too "far, it breaks and flies, if you do not immediately "unbend it. *Idomeneus* is, in himself, thoroughly just "and

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“ and virtuous; but by this bewitching Thirst after absolute Power, which (deluded Prince!) he only possess’d in Imagination, while *Protesilaus* really exercised it in Person, he would have tumbled himself out of his Throne before he had been undeceived, if the Gods had not thought fit to send us to disabuse him, and shew him the Consequence of that blind extravagant Authority which he so much affected, and which is so contrary to the Right and Nature of a free-born People to submit to. Even something like Miracles was necessary to open his Eyes.

I believe you will grant me, Sir *Robert*, that the Archbishop never was more in the right, than in this Expression: You are so well versed in the *British* Affairs, that no Man knows better than you do, that it requires even something more than Miracles, to open the Eyes of an infatuated, betray’d Prince, and save him from his Minister. King *James II.* had more than Miracles laid before him; he had the Truth shewn him in her own naked Colours, but all to no Purpose; his Minister was too many for his Friends. That poor Prince was punctually inform’d of every Step the *Dutch* made towards his Ruin; that they were actually arming to dethrone him, and dispossess a Race which had been * scepter’d in *Europe* above Three Thousand Years, if we can credit our best Antiquaries. He saw them preparing to invade his Dominions, to bring War and Destruction into the Bowels of his Country; he had Offers of timely and sufficient Assistance from *France*; but his Fate was irreversibile; he rejected every thing, and smarted at last for his Incredulity. When a Prince is devoted to Ruin, all Advice, all Warnings, all former Examples, are of no Use to him; he shuts his Eyes and Ears to every thing, but the evil Counsel of those very Men who are actually betraying him. I shall conclude this Paragraph, without making any further Reflections on the Character of *Idomeneus*. It is the present Happiness of *Great Britain* to have reap’d this Advantage from the Misfortune of King *James*, that, as far as human Prudence can provide for her Safety, her *Laws* have now secured her from the Attempts of her Kings, should they entertain arbitrary Designs against her Liberty, by providing Punishments for such wicked Ministers, who are so unnatural to their Country, as to advise them to

* First in *Galicia*, then in *Ireland*; afterwards in *Scotland*, and last in *England*.

it, and then foolish enough to think to shelter themselves under an *Act of Grace*, from the Rage and Indignation of an injur'd People: A People as tenacious of their Liberty, as loyal to their Prince, while he makes no Encroachments upon it!

Protesilaus, Sir, is the next Character I shall consider, because it has furnished *Mentor* with such beautiful and nervous Arguments, in exposing the Artifices and Villainy of that harden'd Traitor to his Country: Arguments! which every *Briton* ought to make his Children learn by Heart, as the Touchstone by which to try their Ministers of State for the future. Considering that the Archbishop lived in a Nation, whose greatest Felicity, as I have already observed, has been, for these sixty Years past, to have Ministers zealous for the Honour and Interest of their Country: Considering that he saw no Examples of *Bribery* and *Corruption* amongst them, for which some of ours have been publickly stigmatized and punished: Considering that he was a Stranger to the Methods that have been used, this Century, in some Places in *Europe*, of purchasing Votes, and bribing Men by *Pensions* and infamous Gratifications, to sell the Honour and Interest of their Country to foreign Schemes and Designs, and consent to the loading their Principals with new Burthens and extraordinary Taxes, under the Notion of Secret Services, to raise Money for the Bribes and Pensions they receive for this infamous Traffick: Considering, I say, that he saw none of these things, nor of a great many more clandestine Actions, which I omit mentioning at present, to avoid Prolixity, I am astonished how he could give us so compleat a Picture of a thorow-pac'd Knave, as he has done in his Minister *Protesilaus*. If you say, that I have added to it, and helped him out by my own Observations upon that Species of *Publick Robbers*; Don't mistake me, Sir, I mean none but *Evil Ministers*: I can answer, that I have done little more than retouch it in such Places where I thought the Colours were grown a little too weak for the Age we live in; All the masterly Strokes are the Archbishop's; I can pretend to nothing but some of the Drapery at most.

Timocrates is another extraordinary Character in its kind, but not altogether so applicable in all its Parts, tho' in some it may, as that of *Protesilaus*; for I don't read, that any of our Secretaries of State ever took upon them the execrable Office of an *Assassin* (where the

Laws

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Laws were not strained, by forc'd Constructions, to give a Sanction to Murder and Slaughter) tho' they have stoop'd to Drudgeries altogether as infamous, and much more destructive to their Country. Wherefore I hasten from *Timocrates*, as a discarded Understrapper, and proceed to *Hegefippus*.

As soon as that Courtier receives Orders from the King to seize *Protesilaus*, and carry him to the Isle of *Samos*, he then can be as good and as bold a Subject as any in the Kingdom, tho' but a Moment before he was an errant Knave and Coward; a Knave, in concealing so long from his Sovereign what he then revealed with so many aggravating Circumstances: A Coward, if not a Traytor, in not venturing his own Life, as it is every Subject's Duty to do, *to rescue his Prince out of the Hands of a Villain that is visibly betraying him, and contriving his Ruin*. For my Part, had I been upon *Felton's* Jury, I should have been much more inclined to acquit, than bring him in Guilty of Murder, for delivering his Country from the ambitious and enslaving Designs of the Haughty Duke of———*Buckingham*.

Philocles is a shining Character; and had a certain *English* Nobleman been banished his Country, as well as turned out of the Command of the Navy, and been Contemporary with the Archbishop, I believe all Mankind would have thought that his Grace had him in his Eye, when he drew the chief Strokes of it. If there is any thing to be objected to this Character, it is the Damp it strikes on the bravest and loyalest Men, to see Courage, Conduct, Loyalty, Integrity, and all the Virtues that entitle a Man to the Favour of his Prince, and the Notice and Acknowledgment of his Country, made the very Instruments to ruin the Possessor of them, and trampled under Foot, to glut the Cruelty, and gratify the Ambition of an insolent Favourite.

Sir, I believe I begin to grow tedious, and consequently very troublesome to you; wherefore I hasten to conclude with a few Reflections on the Character of *Mentor*. If the sublime Author is inimitable, and consistent with himself throughout the whole Piece, it is in this Character that I may say he is truly in his own Sphere, and works with Satisfaction and Delight. When he is drawing Characters, in which human Nature has no Honour, but rather Disgrace and Infamy, we find him in Pain; he suffers in every Sentence: But when he has

an Opportunity of shewing the advantageous Side of the Picture; when he is displaying in that admirable Piece the Beauties of Loyalty to our King, Love to our Country, Steadiness and Resolution in supporting its Interest, Benevolence and Compassion to our Fellow-creature; Courage in Distress; Constancy in conjugal Affection; Fidelity and Generosity in Friendship; and above all, the Duties of Religion; it is then he soars to those heavenly Mansions from whence he was certainly inspired; from whence he received that *Grace* which has so justly acquired him the Character of as true a Friend, as loyal a Subject, as humble a Man, as devout a Christian, and as good a Prelate, as any Age has yet produced. In drawing *Minerva*, he had no more to do, than to fit to himself. It is then as little Wonder, that in *Mentor* we see the Picture of *Messire Francois de Salignac de la Motte Fenelon*, as I am humbly of Opinion it would be to find that of *Mentor* in the Honourable WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; should *Great Britain*, in our Days, be cursed with a *Protefilaus*.

I conclude this Dedication with a hearty Wish, that, for the Good of Mankind in general, all evil Ministers of State, of what Nation soever, may very speedily be made publick Examples, to terrify their Successors from copying their Villainies. There is not any thing, I assure you, Sir, that could rejoice me so much, except that of seeing *Great Britain* effectually secured from the latent Designs of some of her pretended Friends. Were I allow'd the Liberty of an *English* Press, that I might speak freely to my Country, without Interruption or Danger to my self abroad, or at least to the Printer at Home, I believe I could plainly shew how much those latent Designs may affect her Commerce, and how necessary it is for her to be put upon her Guard against them. But you must not expect any private Advice of this Nature from me; you know that I have very little Reason to believe you to be my Friend, and much less to put my self into your Power, by entering into any secret Correspondence with you, upon any Account or Pretence whatsoever. What I have to say must be publick; and if you generously afford me the Means to explain myself in that manner, I shall think myself obliged, for the future, to be, by way of Acknowledgment, *S I R*,

August 8. 6 MA 50 Your most Humble Servant,

1739.

CH. FORMAN.

A



PARAPHRASE

ON Part of the TENTH BOOK of

TELEMACHUS.

MENTOR's Advice has all the good Effects on *Idomeneus* and his discontented Kingdom that could possibly be expected from the perplex'd Situation in which he found the publick Affairs at his Arrival. The King had his Eyes open'd, at last, to the Danger into which this crafty, insolent Minister had led him, The People are joyfully surprized with a Change as sudden as it was unhop'd for, in that Condition which had been so grievous to them for so many Years; and, but a few Days before, was thought to be incurable. Trade lifts up her long dejected, drooping Head, and begins to flourish again in the City, while Agriculture smiles, and adorns the Country. The Manufacturer and Artificer now see their Hands once again full of Business, and find that Employment which they so lately despaired of: The Farmer toils and sweats no more to raise Supplies out of the Bowels of the Earth, for that heavy Land-Tax with which the Minister had so long burthen'd the Nobility and Gentry; he now labours for himself and his Family: The Merchant transports abroad the Surplus of that Abundance which cannot be consumed at Home, and, by his profitable Returns, enriches both City and Country: Those Bands of *Street-Robbers*, and Swarms of miserable Objects which had so long infected *Salentum*, to the Disgrace of the Nation, and Surprize of all *Europe*, disappear entirely; *The Cause being removed, the Effect ceases*: Plenty, Ease, and Satisfaction, are seen in every Face, and the happy *Salentines* now become the Envy, as they had been, but too long before, the Prey of some transmarine *States*, their pretended Friends and Allies.

Those States had all along professed a more than ordinary Friendship for *Idomeneus* and his Family, in particular, tho' their ancient

ancient hereditary Aversion and Ingratitude to the *Cretans* in general had been but too notorious upon numberless Occasions. They pretended a warm and very uncommon Concern for the Safety of his new Settlement, and, under that specious Bait, had taken Advantage of the Perplexity of his Affairs, as well as of the corrupt Administration of his Minister, who was entirely their Creature: They had, partly by the Ignorance, but much more by the Connivance of that wicked Agent of theirs, insensibly engrossed to themselves the most valuable Branches of the Trade of *Salentum*, and laid deep Designs against the few that were left. After so much Success, and such promising Views still in Reserve, they begin to be alarmed at the Progress of *Mentor*; they look upon him with an evil Eye, as the only Obstacle to their future Hopes of further *Encroachments*; they use their utmost Efforts to destroy him, in order to preserve and support the Man who is daily rendering them such important Services, and sacrificing his Country to the Bribes they send him.

But *Idomeneus*, as if awaken'd out of a Dream, or rather miraculously recover'd from a Lethargy, looks with Indignation upon that Slavery in which Flatterers and *Sycophants* had so long kept him; become wise, by *Mentor's* good Instructions and Advice, he makes serious and useful Reflections upon the unhappy Condition into which his perfidious Minister had insnared him. He views with Terror and Amazement the dangerous Precipice upon which he stood, and sees with Agony how near he was losing the Hearts of his People. He now finds that those Men, in whom he solely confided, had, upon all Occasions, industriously conceal'd the Truth from him, and let him know no more of his own Affairs than what they knew how to apply to their own Interest, and make necessary for the carrying on their mercenary Designs. But this malignant Cloud being thus happily dispers'd by *Mentor's* Wisdom and Courage, *Idomeneus* begins to think, to speak, to act like a King, who glories in being called the Father of his People. He looks with Extasy and Gratitude upon his generous Deliverer, he clasps him in his Arms, he embraces him, he presses him close to his Breast: How much am I indebted to the Gods! (cries he) for sending so wise, so sincere, so intrepid a Friend to my Relief! Yes, my dear *Mentor*, you have broke thro' a Crowd of Difficulties to come at me, and snatch me out of the Hands of those domestick Enemies, who had so long besieged me, and kept me their Prisoner; you have opened my Eyes to those Errors and Illusions in which I was, in a manner, quite buried; you shew me things as they really are; and I am forced to acknowledge with Shame, Confusion and Remorse, that evil Counsel has been the Cause of all the Misfortunes of my Life, and the Miseries of my People. But what do I say! No, I, my self have rather been the Cause of them, in suffering the audacious Wretch that gave it, to impose upon

upon me so long, in letting him abuse that Reason and Understanding which the Gods had given me for the Government of my People. Hear then, O *Mentor*, my melancholly History; you will find it a clear Demonstration of the Truth of your own Maxims; it will afford you an ample, but frightful View of the Condition of those Kings, who supinely let their Ministers become their Masters; who heap Favours and Benefits upon the Wicked, to the universal Dissatisfaction and Disgust of the Good.

PROTESILAUS has the Advantage of me in Years. Of all my Court he was the Person whom I thought fittest for my Service; for tho' he is naturally proud, shameless and insolent, yet it was for those very Qualities that I took a Liking to him; I mistook them for Courage, Innocence, and Greatness of Soul. He thoroughly studied my Inclinations; he used all imaginable Arts to make himself agreeable to me; he gave into all my Pleasures, to which his Genius was ever fertile in making Additions, and inventing such as I never thought of before. He flattered my Passions, and pushed the Gratification of them to the highest Pitch. Honest, virtuous, and learned Men he banished from my Court, and filled the City with Buffoons, Dancers, Players, Singers, and Musick-Girls, from all the Parts of *Europe* most celebrated for Lewdness. He promoted Luxury, and endeavoured to encourage it by his own Example, purposely to debauch the Nobility, first into Extravagance, and then into Poverty, that they might become his Pensioners and Dependants. He industriously kept me involved in perpetual Quarrels and Misunderstandings with Princes, whose Friendship and Alliance was absolutely necessary for my true Interest: but alas! I did not understand it, or rather did not suffer my self to look into it. Under the Pretext of supporting these Quarrels of his own making, vast Sums were raised upon my People, and a great Part of them imbezzled, and applied to his own particular Use, under the Notion of SECRET SERVICES; by these and the like Methods, he is become rich, and has raised his Family and Relations from mean obscure Circumstances, to overtop the ancient Nobility and Gentry of my Kingdom. He has also Brothers almost as rich, and full as insolent as himself. He harrassed my Subjects every Year with exorbitant and unnecessary TAXES; and as often as he was called upon to give an Account of the publick Treasure, those pretended Secret Services frequently served him for a Subterfuge; where they did not, *he made a Property of my Clemency and Confidence to vouch for, and screen him.* Several foreign Princes received considerable yearly Sums, upon Pretence of having a certain Number of Troops in Readiness for my Service, which I never was likely to have Occasion to employ. Thus, while he burthen'd my People with those *Royal Pensioners*, he was himself a Pensioner to them, by way of Gratification, and aggrandized himself by all the unlawful Methods

he could think of, upon the Blood and Vitals of the Publick: In the mean time, I shared very little more of the Spoil with him, than the Murmurs of my Subjects.

That he might rule, or rather reign without a Rival, he very artfully made me begin to suspect a Nobleman of my Court, for whom I had also a very great Friendship. *Philocles* (for that was his Name) was as remarkable for his Courage, as his other extraordinary Virtues; he had a noble and generous Soul, was courteous in his Behaviour, and moderate in his Desires; he fear'd the Gods, and plac'd true Greatness, not in gaping after Titles, and grasping at Riches, but in subduing his Passions, and avoiding every thing that was base and unworthy of an honest Man. He spoke freely to me of my Faults; and when he durst not speak to me, his Silence and melancholly Air sufficiently explained what he had a Mind to reproach me with. I was extremely pleas'd with this Sincerity in the Beginning, and I often protest'd and promised that I would hear him with Confidence and Approbation, as long as I liv'd. I had been happy, *Mentor*, had I kept my Word, and followed his Advice. He shew'd me what I ought to do, and how I ought to reign, if I had a Mind to tread in the Steps of my Great Grandfather *Minos*, and become the Delight of my People, by making them happy. He had a profound Wisdom, and a consummate Experience of Men and Things, his Maxims were wise and just, his Counsel friendly and faithful; and this is a Truth which I am every Day more and more convinced of. *Protesilaus* is the very Reverse of *Philocles*; for, besides his natural Pride and Insolence, he has such a Complication of opposite Vices, as I have never yet met with in any other Man. He is as much hated for his Ambition, as despis'd for his Cowardise; he is jealous of every one but the Person whom he ought most to be jealous of; he is as scandalously mercenary and avaritious, as profusely prodigal and extravagant: He is, in his Nature, the meanest, poorest thing in my Kingdom, and has the Vanity to aim at being the greatest Man in it. However, with all these Vices, his Artifices entirely got the better of me at last, and I began to take a Dislike to *Philocles*. The latter, altogether unconcerned for his own Interest, let his Enemy prevail over him; he was satisfied with telling me the Truth, as often as I was dispos'd to hear it; like a true Friend, he sought my Good, without coveting any of my Riches, or paying Court to my Fortune.

Protesilaus persuad'd me insensibly, that he was of a peevish proud Spirit; that he criticiz'd all my Actions; that he ask'd no Favours, because he was too haughty to receive any from me, and aspir'd to the Character of a Man that was above all Honours. He added, that if *Philocles* talk'd of my Faults with so much Freedom to my Face, he spoke of them to others with the same Liberty behind my Back; that he took all Occasions to let

let People know how little Esteem he had for me; and that in thus lessening my Reputation, he endeavour'd to raise the Value of his own. I could not give entirely into the Sentiments of *Protesilaus*, nor swallow, at once, all the Poison he had prepar'd for me. True Virtue carries a Candour and Ingenuity with it, which cannot be counterfeited, and in which we cannot be deceived, when we look upon it with Attention. Nevertheless, I began to grow heartily tired of the Sincerity and Firmness with which *Philocles* daily laid my Weaknesses before me. The Complacency of *Protesilaus*, and his inexhaustible Industry, in inventing new Amusements to divert me, made me relish with less Patience the Austerity of the other. But *Protesilaus* did not think this Victory sufficient; he rather look'd upon himself to be, in some measure, defeated, because I did not absolutely believe every thing he said against his Enemy; he therefore took a Resolution to speak to me no more in that Strain, but rather to persuade me by something much stronger than all his Words.

Behold, *Mentor*, to what Lengths a knavish Minister is capable of carrying his Villainy, when he has a Design, either to ruin his Master, or make him entirely his Ward. Behold the Method which *Protesilaus* took to gain his Point, to destroy *Philocles*, and to deceive me compleatly. He advis'd me to give *Philocles* the Command of the Fleet that was designed against the *Carpathians*. The better to persuade me to it, You know, says he, that I cannot be suspected either of Flattery or Friendship in the Praises I give him. I confess that he has Courage, and a Genius for War. He will serve you in that Command better than any body I know, and I shall always prefer your Interest and Service before the Gratification of my own Resentments. I was charmed to find such Virtue and Justice in the Soul of *Protesilaus*, to whom I had entirely abandon'd the Administration of my Affairs. I embrac'd him in a Transport of Joy, and I thought my self but too happy, in having placed my Confidence in a Man so much above all private Passion and Self-Interest. But alas! how unfortunate are Princes, and how much to be pitied! This perfidious Man knew me better than I knew my self. He knew that Kings are commonly diffident, and Enemies to the Toil of publick Affairs; that they are mistrustful thro' the daily Experience they have of the Artifices of those corrupt Men, who continually surround them; that they are slothful, and Enemies to Business, because they are led away by their Pleasures, and are us'd to have other Men think for them, without being at the Pains to think for themselves. He understood very well, how easy a Matter it would be to make me suspicious and jealous of a Man who, he knew, would not fail to perform great Actions, especially since his Absence would give him all the Opportunities he could wish for, to lay Snares for him. *Philocles* foresaw, at Parting, all that was likely to happen. Remember,

says he to me, that it will not be in my Power to defend my self, when I have no Advocate near you, and you will listen to none but my Enemy; remember, that, for serving you at the Hazard of my Life, I shall probably receive no other Recompence but your Indignation at my Return. You are mistaken, *Philocles*, says I, *Protesilaus* speaks more generously of you than you do of him; he praises you, he esteems you, he thinks you worthy of the greatest Trusts, and the most important Employments. Should he begin to speak against you, that very Moment loses him my Favour and Confidence for ever. Fear nothing, go, *Philocles*, and think but how to serve me well. He obeyed, he set Sail, and left me in a very strange Situation.

I must confess, that I saw how necessary it was to have several Men of Virtue and Experience to consult and advise with; I saw, that nothing was so destructive, either to my Reputation, or the Success of my Affairs, as to deliver my self blindly up to the Management of one Man. I had experienced, upon several Occasions, that the prudent Counsels of *Philocles* had saved me from falling into many dangerous Errors, into which the Insolence and Rashness of *Protesilaus* would have precipitated me. I found that *Philocles* had a Fund of Probity and just Maxims, which I could not meet with in his Enemy; but I had insensibly suffer'd *Protesilaus* to assume a domineering decisive Air, upon all Occasions, which I was hardly afterwards Master enough to oppose. I was quite tired with being continually betwixt two Men, whose Humours and Principles I found it absolutely impossible to reconcile. Under this Uneasiness, I fatally, thro' Weakness and Indolence, chose to purchase what I thought my Liberty, at the Expence of my Honour and Interest. I durst not own, even to my self, so shameful a Reason for the Choice I had made; but that very shameful Reason, which I durst not confess, tyrannized secretly in the Bottom of my Heart; it was the true Motive to what I had just done, and the Mistake I fell into, in parting with a faithful Servant.

Philocles defeated the Enemy; he gained a compleat Victory, and was making haste home to prevent those ill Offices which he feared would be done him in his Absence. But *Protesilaus*, who had not yet had time enough to deceive me entirely, writ to him that I would have a Descent made on the Island of *Carpashia*, that some Advantage might be made of the Victory he had gained. *Protesilaus* indeed flatter'd me with an easy Conquest of that Island, but managed Matters so, that *Philocles* wanted every thing necessary for carrying on the Enterprize, and daily sent such Orders and Instructions, as caused several Disappointments in the Execution.

In the mean time, he made use of a Servant I had about me, a very corrupt Fellow, and a fit Instrument for his Designs. This Fellow observed every thing that passed, even to the minutest Circum-

Circumstances, and gave *Protesilaus* an Account of it. This Domestick, named *Timocrates*, came one Day to tell me a great Secret he had to discover in an Affair of a dangerous Nature. *Philocles*, says he, intends to employ your Army and Fleet, to make himself King of *Carpashia*: The Generals are all devoted to him; the Soldiers are entirely corrupted by the Largeesses he distributes among them, and the pernicious Liberty in which he lets them live: He is also puffed up with his Victory. Here is a Letter from him to one of his Friends, upon his Project of making himself King: After so clear a Proof, there can be no doubt of his Disloyalty and Ambition. I read that Letter, and it seem'd to me to be written by *Philocles*; his Hand was perfectly well counterfeited; *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates* were the Authors of this Forgery. That Letter threw me into a strange Surprize; I read it over and over without ceasing, and could hardly believe that it came from *Philocles*. I recalled to my troubled Mind all the convincing Proofs he had so often given me of his Disinterestedness and Fidelity: But what could I do? How could I refuse such evident Marks of Treason in a Letter, which I thought I was sure was written by *Philocles* himself? When *Timocrates* saw that I could not withstand his Artifices any longer, he pushed them home. Dare I, says he, stammering, desire you to take Notice of a particular Expression in this Letter? *Philocles* tells his Friend, that he may speak with Confidence to *Protesilaus* about an Affair which he only sets down in Cyphers: Surely *Protesilaus* has entered into Measures with *Philocles*. It is *Protesilaus* that pressed you to send him against the *Carpashians*; he has not spoken to you against him for some considerable time, as he used to do formerly: On the contrary, he praises him; he magnifies his Conduct upon all Occasions; and, before *Philocles* set Sail, they used to see one another with Civility enough: Without doubt, *Protesilaus* has come to an Agreement with *Philocles*, to divide the Island of *Carpashia* between them. You see your self, that he was bent upon this Enterprize, contrary to all the Rules of Policy and War, and exposes your Army and Fleet to the utmost Perils and Difficulties, to gratify his own Ambition: Do you believe that he would contribute thus to advance the Interest of *Philocles*, if they were in ill Terms together? No! no! you need not doubt any longer, that these two Men have made up their Quarrel, and united themselves, not only to take Possession of that Throne, but even to deprive you of this which you now sit on. I know that I expose myself to your Resentments, in speaking thus freely to you, if, notwithstanding my sincere Advice, you still leave your Authority in their Hands; but no matter what becomes of me, provided I tell you the Truth.

These last Words of *Timocrates* made a deep Impression upon me; I doubted no longer of the Treason of *Philocles*, and mistrusted *Protesilaus* as his Confederate. In the mean time, *Timocrates*

ocrates was perpetually saying to me, if you wait until *Philocles* has conquered the Island of *Carpathia*, it will be too late to prevent his Designs: Make Haste to secure him, while you have the Means in your Power. I look'd with Horror upon the profound Dissimulation of Mankind; I knew not in whom to confide, after having discovered so much Treason in *Philocles*. I saw not a Man upon Earth in whose Virtue I could place any Trust for the future. I was resolv'd to cause that Traitor to be dispatch'd, but I stood in Fear of *Protesilaus*, and did not know how to manage, in regard to him: I fear'd to find him guilty, and fear'd also to trust him. In short, in the Trouble I was in, I could not forbear telling him, that I began to suspect *Philocles*. He seem'd surpriz'd at it; he represented to me the Justice and Moderation with which he behaved himself: He magnified his Services: In a Word, he did all that lay in his Power to persuade me that they had too good an Understanding together. On the other Hand, *Timocrates* never lost a Moment to make me take Notice of that Understanding, in order to push me on to the Destruction of *Philocles*, while I was yet Master of him. See, my dear Mentor, how unfortunate are Kings; how expos'd they are to be the Sport and Game of other Men, even while they seem to lie trembling at their Feet. I thought to act a Piece of profound Policy, and disconcert *Protesilaus* entirely, by secretly dispatching away *Timocrates* to the Army, with Orders to kill *Philocles*. *Protesilaus*, in the mean time, pushed his Dissimulation to the highest Pitch, and deceived me the more effectually, by how much the more naturally he appear'd to impose upon, and deceive himself.

Timocrates set out immediately, and found *Philocles* embarrassed enough in the Descent he had made. He wanted every thing; for *Protesilaus*, not knowing whether the Letter would have Effect enough to make me destroy his Enemy, was resolv'd to have other Means ready. He knew that the Miscarriage of an Enterprize, of which he had gizen me such Hopes, could not fail to irritate me against *Philocles*. That faithful Servant carried on the War with Advantage; the Difficulties he labour'd under were more than balanced by his personal Courage, Genius, Conduct, and the Love the Troops had for him. The whole Army were sensible that this Descent was rash, and might prove fatal to the *Cretans*; yet every Man as earnestly endeavour'd to perform his Part, as if his own Life and Honour depended upon the Success. Every one was ready to expose himself, upon all Occasions, under a Chief so experienc'd in War, and so careful to gain the Affections of his Soldiers. *Timocrates* had every thing to fear, in attempting the Life of a General in the midst of an Army that lov'd him so passionately: But furious Ambition is always blind. He found nothing difficult that could please *Protesilaus*, with whom he expected to govern absolutely after the Death

Death of *Philocles*. *Protesilaus* had an Aversion to good Men; the very Sight of them secretly reproached him with his own Crimes; he was apprehensive that they might, some Time or other, open my Eyes, and quite overturn all his Projects.

As soon as *Timocrates* arrived in the Army, he made sure of two Captains, who were always about *Philocles*; he promised them great Rewards in my Name, and, at last, told *Philocles*, that he came, by my Order, upon a secret and important Affair, which he could not communicate to him but in the Presence of these two Officers. *Philocles* immediately shut himself up with them, in his Closet. As soon as they were there, *Timocrates* stabb'd him with a Dagger, which he had concealed for that Purpose; the Blow proved slanting, and the Wound but slight. *Philocles*, without the least Surprise, wrung the Dagger out of his Hand, and made use of it against him and the other two: In the mean time he called out for Help; a Crowd of Friends ran to his Assistance; they forced open the Door; they disengaged *Philocles* from the Hands of those three Men, who being in Confusion, had attacked him but faintly. They were all seized, and upon the Point of being cut in Pieces, so great was the Indignation of the Army, if *Philocles* had not stopp'd the Rage of the Soldiers. He then took *Timocrates* aside, and with great Sweetness of Temper, asked him who it was that put him upon so black an Action: *Timocrates*, afraid of being put to Death, hastily produced the written Order I had given him to kill *Philocles*; and, as Traytors are always cowardly in time of Danger, he immediately discovers the whole Treachery of *Protesilaus*, as a Means to save his own Life. *Philocles*, struck with Horror to see so much Malice in Mankind, took a Resolution full of Temper and Moderation: He declared to all the Army, that *Timocrates* was innocent: He put him in a Place of Safety, and sent him back to *Crete*. He gave up the Care of the Army to *Polymenes*, whom I had appointed in the Order, written with my own Hand, to command, as soon as *Timocrates* should have killed *Philocles*. He then exhorted the Troops to continue in the Duty and Fidelity they owed me, and embarked, by Night, on board a small Vessel, which carried him to the Isle of *Samos*; where he leads a quiet, solitary Life, not enduring to hear Mention made of deceitful and unjust Men, but especially of Kings, whom he looks upon to be the unhappiest and the blindest Part of Mankind.

Here *Mentor* interrupted *Idomeneus*: How? said he? were you any considerable Time before you discover'd the Truth? No, answer'd *Idomeneus*, I began, by little and little, to see into the Artifices of *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*: They began to wrangle among themselves, for wicked Men can seldom continue long in a thorough good Understanding together: Their Discord fully shewed me the dreadful Abyss into which they had precipitated me.

But,

But, replied *Mentor*, did you not resolve to free yourself from both of them? Alas! my dear *Mentor*, said the King, are you ignorant of the Weakness and Perplexity of Princes? when they have once surrendered themselves up to those who have found out the Secret to make themselves necessary, they must not hope any more for Liberty. They are forced to heap Favours where they have greater Inclination, and much more Reason to inflict Punishments, and are obliged to treat those Men best, whom in their Hearts, they hate and despise most. I look'd upon *Protesilaus* with the utmost Horror and Aversion, and yet I left all my Authority in his Hands. I could not tell what to do. He had involved me in so many *State Difficulties* and *foreign Treaties and Engagements*, that I thought I could not extricate my self out of them, or work the Machine without him. Strange Illusion! I was glad to find out his Wickedness, but yet I had not Resolution enough to resume that Authority which I had so unaccountably abandoned to him. Besides, I found him complaisant, obsequious, and industrious to flatter my Passions, when he had any Point to gain upon me; and at all Times, seemingly, zealous for my Interest. In short, I had one Reason to excuse my Weakness, which was, that I did not know how to distinguish true Virtue. For want of knowing how to make Choice of good Men to manage my Affairs, I thought there were none to be found upon the whole Earth, and that Probity was but a meer Phantom. To what Purpose, said I, should I rescue my self out of the Hands of one publick, notorious Knave, to fall, perhaps, into the Hands of another, who, probably, may not prove more sincere or disinterested than he is?

In the mean time, *Polimenes* brought home the Fleet; I thought no more of the Conquest of *Carpathia*, and *Protesilaus* could not dissemble so profoundly, but that I saw how much he was disturbed to hear that *Philocles* was in Safety at *Samos*.

Mentor interrupted *Idomeneus* again, to ask him if, after the Knowledge of so black a Treachery, he had continued to trust *Protesilaus* with his Affairs. I was, answer'd *Idomeneus*, too great an Enemy to Business and the Fatigue of it, to be able to draw my self out of his Hands; I must have quite overturned the Order I had established for the Pursuit of my Pleasures, and Indulgence of my Ease, and been at the Fatigue of instructing a new Minister. This is what I never had Resolution enough to undertake, but chose rather to seem blind to the Artifices and Villainy of *Protesilaus*. The only Consolation I had was, at some certain Times, to let a few Persons, in whom I had some Confidence, know that I was not ignorant of his corrupt Practices, and want of common Honesty. Thus I fondly imagined, that I was but half deceived, because I knew that I was deceived. I also now and then gave *Protesilaus* to understand, that I wore his Chains with Impatience. I likewise often took a Pleasure

in contradicting him in Publick, in blaming something that he had done, and in deciding contrary to his Sentiments: But as he perfectly knew my lazy Disposition, he did not trouble himself much about what Humour I was in; he always returned to the Charge with new Resolution, and greater Impudence. One while he was earnest and importunate; another while fawning and insinuating: If he perceived that I was piqued against him, he redoubled his Endeavours to find out new Amusements proper to soften and effeminate me; but if that failed, then he had Recourse to his old Stratagem, to embark me in some difficult Affair, or to engage me in some disadvantageous dishonourable Treaty, in order to conjure up the Resentments and Contempt of my Subjects against me, to make his Zeal and Service the more necessary. Tho' I began to be upon my Guard against him, his Manner of flattering my Passions always led me which way he pleased. He was Master of my Secrets, he consoled and encouraged me in my Difficulties; he made all my Subjects tremble by my Authority; and chose a *Set of Judges* to his own Mind, to interpret the Laws as he pleased, and be the Tools of his Tyranny. In short, I could not think of destroying him, tho', by keeping him in Power, I saw that I put all the honest virtuous Men in my Kingdom out of a Condition either to serve me, or even represent my own Interest to me, and warn me against his hidden Designs. From that very Moment, one free Word was never heard more at the Council-Table. If any body attempted to write or publish his Thoughts for my Service, and gave me Notice of the Danger that threatened me, he was immediately seized, imprisoned and fined. The Judges found out as many Meanings for the Law, as the Poets have done Shapes for *Proteus*. Error, which is the Fore-runner of the Fall of Kings, appeared to me to be very great in the Sacrifice I made of the generous, faithful *Philotes*, to the insatiable Cruelty, and boundless Ambition of *Protesilaus*. Even those who had all along had the most Zeal for the publick Welfare, and the greatest Respect and Concern for my Person and Interest, began to apprehend themselves in Danger of being made the next Sacrifice; after so fatal an Example, they thought themselves dispensed with from the Obligations of Duty to undeceive me. Nay, I my self, my dear *Mentor*, was afraid, that Truth would, at last, break thro' this Cloud of Dissimulation, Lyes, and Flatteries that cover'd me, and force its way to me, in spite of all Opposition; for having no longer any Power to follow her, her Light became troublesome and impertinent. Tho' I found in my self, that she daily haunted me with very stinging Remorses, yet I could not shake off my Fetters, nor deliver my self out of that fatal Bondage in which *Protesilaus* had enslaved me. My Softness and Effeminacy, joined to the Ascendant which this impudent Favourite had assumed over me, threw me into a sort of Despair of ever being a

Freeman again. I would neither see my contemptible wretched Condition my self, nor would I let it be seen by others. You know, my dear *Mentor*, the vain Greatness, and false Glory in which Princes are generally educated; they will never be in the wrong. To hide one Fault they commit a Thousand; rather than acknowledge that they have been deceived or misled; rather than resume something of their own natural Courage, and take a little Pains to come out of their Error, and rescue themselves out of the Hands of their Goaler-Ministers, they chuse to suffer themselves to be imposed upon and deceived as long as they live. This is the Condition of weak, indolent, inactive Princes, and it was precisely mine.

When I was obliged to go to the Siege of *Troy*, I left *Protesilaus* Master of all my Affairs. He managed them in my Absence with Haughtiness and Inhumanity; all the Kingdom of *Crete* groaned under his Tyranny, but no body durst let me know the Oppression of my People. My Aversion, or rather Fear, to hear the Truth, was but too well known, to even my meanest Subjects, as well as my ill Policy, in abandoning all those to the Fury and Cruelty of *Protesilaus*, who had at any time Courage and Zeal enough for my Service, to speak to me of his Corruptions and Crimes. The more crying and violent the Evil was, the less Noise the People durst make about it. He constrained me drive away the valiant *Moriones*, who had served me with so much Glory and Fidelity in the Siege of *Troy*. After my Return, he became jealous of him, and also of every Man for whom I had any Affection or Regard, or who shewed any Sentiment of Virtue or Honour. You must know, my dear *Mentor*, that all my Misfortunes have proceeded from thence. It was not so much the Death of my Son that caused the Revolt of the *Cretans*, as the Vengeance of the Gods, irritated against me for my Weakness, and the Hatred of my People, which *Protesilaus* had drawn upon me by his corrupt and tyrannical Administration. When I spilt the Blood of my Son, the *Cretans*, grown weary of a rigorous violent Government, had quite exhausted their Patience, and the Horror of this last Action served only to give Liberty and Scope to that Resentment, which had lain so long smothering in the Bottom of their Hearts. *Timocrates* followed me to the Siege of *Troy*, and secretly sent an Account, by Letters to *Protesilaus*, of every thing he could discover. I very sensibly found that I was in Bondage; but, thro' Despair of finding a Remedy, I strove not to think of it. When the *Cretans* revolted upon my Arrival, *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates* were the first that fled away; without doubt they would have abandon'd me quite, if I had not been forc'd to fly almost as soon as they. Depend upon it, dear *Mentor*, that Men who are insolent in Prosperity, are always contemptibly mean-spirited in Adversity. Their Heads turn when Fortune frowns upon them; as soon as absolute Au-

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thority begins to leave them, they grow as faint-hearted and cringing as they were just before proud and insolent: The whole Man is changed in them, by the Change of their Condition, and it is in that Moment that they fall from one Extream into another.

But, said *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, how comes it that, knowing these two wicked Fellows so thoroughly, you still continue them in Power and Trust, as I see you do. I am not at all surprized that they followed you, since they could not do any thing better for their own Interest: I allow also, that you have done a generous, tho' not a politick Action, in granting them an Azyle in your new Kingdom; but why do you still deliver your self up to them, after so many convincing Tryals of their Perfidiousness?

You know not, answered *Idomeneus*, how useless all Tryals are to Princes, who live without Reflection: They are dissatisfied with every thing, and yet have not the Courage to redress any thing: So many Years Habitude was like Chains of Iron, that fetter'd me to these two Miscreants, and they made themselves Masters of me every Moment. Since my Arrival in these new Dominions, they have hurried me into all those excessive Expences which you have partly seen, and heard my Subjects so loudly complain of. They have exhausted my Kingdom, and drained my People of their Wealth. They have prepared every thing for bringing upon me greater Misfortunes at *Salentum*, than I ever met with in *Crete*; and I should, no doubt, have been now pretty near feeling the last Effects of their Management, had you not opened my Eyes. Yes, my dear *Mentor*, you have laid before me the Errors of my Conduct, you have shewn me the Sufferings of my People; you have let me see the Dangers to which those Men are perpetually exposing me; you have inspired me with the Courage which I have hitherto wanted, to throw off my Fetters, and free my self out of Slavery. I don't know what you have done to me; but since you have begun to take *Protefilaus* to Task, and expose his Malversations to the People, you have made me quite another Man; you have made me desirous of what can only make me truly Great or Happy, the Love of my Subjects.

Mentor continued to ask *Idomeneus* concerning the Conduct of *Protefilaus* in this new Scene of Affairs. Nothing, says the King, can be more artful than his Behaviour since your Appearance here. He immediately had Recourse to every thing that he thought might indirectly fill my Head with Jealousy, and render you suspected. At first, he said nothing against you himself, but several Men whom he underhand employed, were perpetually endeavouring to alarm me with their pretended Apprehensions. One Day, they very seriously desired me to be upon my Guard against you; and not to listen to the new Regulations you pro-

posed. Your Kingdom, said they, is very unsettled, and discontented; and the least Commotion in the People may overturn the State, if you are left alone to oppose their Fury. It is true, we cannot justify the Conduct of *Protesilaus* in every respect; nay, we will allow, that perhaps things had been much better, if he had never been employed; but, as the Case now stands, it is dangerous to provoke him. He is immensely rich; he is sensible that the best Men in the Nation hate him, but still he has a strong Party amongst the worst; his Money secures him a great many Dependants, and will purchase him a great many more in time of Need; *he will look upon his Disgrace to be but the Prelude to his Execution; and to prevent it, he will leave nothing unattempted, to bring in foreign Powers to dethrone you, when he finds you resolved to abandon him.* These are things which ought to employ your Consideration. The Murmurs of the People, without other Support, are but mere Sounds; you must now despise them, and depend on your Minister; you must give your Subjects hearty Cause of Complaint, when you see them inclin'd to be mutinous. In such Cases there is no Medium to be chosen; either the Prince or the People must become absolute, and there is no Man fitter to make you so than *Protesilaus*. Had he no other Motives to engage him to it, his own Preservation will oblige him to do so. After this Preface, *Protesilaus* strove to give me a Prospect of the Danger of those Measures which you put me upon, to reform the Abuses he had introduced into every Article of my Affairs. He took me on the weak Side, and attacked me by my own proper Interest. *If you put the People in a plentiful Condition, says he, they will not work any longer, they will become haughty, stubborn, and intractable; they will always be ready to revolt. There is no way so effectual to make them humble and submissive, as to keep them in Poverty and Misery.* Sometimes he endeavour'd to resume his usual Authority to draw me into his Sentiments, and cover his Insolence with a Pretence of Zeal for my Service. *In easing the People of their Taxes and Grievances, continues he, you will weaken the Royal Prerogative, and by that very means you do an irreparable Damage to the People themselves. It is necessary to keep them low and poor, for their own proper Safety and Quiet.*

I answer'd to all this, that I was resolv'd, for the future, to try other Expedients, and see if I could keep my Subjects in their Duty, by making my self beloved by them, which I thought could never be done by *Standing Armies, and dishonourable expensive foreign Alliances*: That the Method I would take to gain their Love, should be, to ease them of their Taxes, and redress their Grievances, which I was sensible I might do, without abating any thing of my own Authority; that I would encourage Industry, protect Trade from Encroachers and Interlopers, and shew my self sensibly affected by every thing that affected my People. How! said I, cannot a King keep his Subjects within
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the Limits of Obedience, without turning Tyrant, and starving them to Death! What Inhumanity does not this Maxim contain! What brutish, what barbarous Policy, to treat loyal Subjects and a free-born People in such a Manner! How many Nations about us, do we see treated with Humanity and Tenderness by their Princes, and yet continue dutiful Subjects! Must the *Cretans*, who formerly enjoyed the greatest Liberty of any People in *Europe*, be now the only Slaves in it! What causes Murmurs, Revolts and Rebellions in a State? It is the Ambition, the Insolence, the Rapaciousness of a Minister, and the mercenary Grandees who prostitute their Honour, and become the Tools of his Designs, when the Prince gives too great a Liberty to their Rapine and Oppression; It is the Multitude of upstart Gentry, and new-made Nobility, whose *Luxury is fed by a Pension-giving Minister, out of the Labour and Sweat of the People*: It is the too great Number of Red-Coats, who, like lazy Drones, invade the Hives, and cram themselves with the Labours of the painful Bees: In short, it is the Rage, the Despair of an abused People: It is the Hard-heartedness of a Prince in being insensible of their Sufferings, and deaf to their Cries: It is his insatuated Partiality to a Mushroom of his own raising, and his Obstinacy in protecting a plundering Minister. These are the Causes that have often forced the loyalest and best of Subjects to have Recourse to the last and most violent of all Means, for Relief: These are the Causes that have often alter'd the Succession of Princes, that have deposed and banished old Families, that have introduced and established new ones, and then turn'd them out also; that have made Changes and Revolutions very frequent, where they would hardly have ever been heard of, if Princes had listened more to the general Sense of the People, then the wicked Opinions and Advices of their Ministers. These, I say, are the true and only Sources of Treasons, Rebellions and Regicides, and not that Bread which we let the industrious, patient Labourer eat, with his Family, in Peace and Quiet, after he has earned it with the Sweat of his Brow.

When *Protesilaus* saw that I was immoveably fixed in these Maxims, he took a Method with me, quite contrary to his former Conduct. He began to follow those Maxims which he could not any longer destroy; he seemed to relish them, to be convinced of the Truth and Justice of them, to be obliged to me for having opened his Eyes to such important and necessary Points of Government: He, even now, out-strips me in every thing that I wish for the Ease and Relief of the Poor; he is the first to represent their Necessities to me, and to cry out against excessive and idle Expences. You also know that he praises you, and allows that you have Talents. As to *Timocrates*, he is not any longer in good Terms with *Protesilaus*; he thought to make himself independant; *Protesilaus* grew jealous of him, and it is partly

partly owing to their Difference that I owe the Discovery of both their Perfidiousness.

Mentor, smiling, answered thus to *Idomeneus*. How then! you have been weak enough to suffer yourself to be tyrannized over, and insulted so many Years, by two Men, whose Villainy and Treachery you are so well acquainted with? Ah! you little know, answer'd *Idomeneus*, what artful Men can do with an easy, flexible King, when he has delivered his Affairs into their Hands, and made them Masters of his Inclinations and his Secrets. Moreover, I have already told you, that *Protesilaus* enters now into all your Views for the publick Good.

Mentor then took up the Discourse thus, with a grave and solemn Air. I see but too well how much perfidious Men prevail over the virtuous and just in the Esteem and Favour of Kings, of which you are a most terrible and melancholly Example. You say I have opened your Eyes, and given you a full View of the deformed, corrupt Soul of *Protesilaus*, and yet they are still shut, in leaving the Government of your Kingdom in the Hands of that Man, whom, you, yourself, have pronounced worthy of the Gallows. Disabuse yourself, *Idomeneus*, and know that wicked Men are not always incapable of doing Good: They do it cheerfully as they do Evil, when it serves their Ambition: It costs them no Pains to do Evil, because they are not restrained by any one Sentiment of Goodness, nor any one Principle of Virtue; but they sometimes do Good, because their Corruption leads them to appear virtuous, that they may more effectually deceive the rest of Mankind. Properly speaking, they are not capable of Virtue, tho' they seem to practise it; but they are capable of adding to all the other Vices, the most horrible of Vices, that of Hypocrisy. How much soever you may be disposed to do Good, *Protesilaus* is ready to go along with you, to preserve his Authority; but if he finds you ever so little inclined to slide back, he will forget nothing that may contribute to tumble you headlong again into your former Errors, and thrust you out of the Way of Virtue and Justice, that he may give the further Scope to his own brutish, deceitful Nature. Can you live one Moment with Honour and Satisfaction, while such a Man has got the entire Possession of you, and you know that the faithful *Philoctetes* lives poor and dishonoured in the Isle of *Samos*? You acknowledge, O *Idomeneus*, that impudent, deceitful Men, who are present, always lead weak Princes astray; but you ought also to add, that Princes have likewise another Misfortune, altogether as great, which is, so easily to forget the Virtue and Services of a banished Man. The Multitude of Men, who continually surround Princes, is the Reason why there is not one of that Croud that ever makes any great Impression upon them; they are struck with nothing but what is present, and flatters them, all the rest is quickly worn out. But, of all things, Virtue touches them

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the least, because Virtue, far from flattering them, contradicts and condemns their Weaknesses; is it then astonishing, that they are not at all amiable in the Eyes of their Subjects, since they are impatient of Contradiction and good Advice, and love nothing but their Grandeur and their Pleasures?

After *Mentor* had spoken these Words, he told *Idomeneus* that he must immediately drive away *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, and call home *Philocles*. The only Difficulty the King found in this Advice was, the Fear he stood in of the rigid and severe Virtue of *Philocles*: I confess, said he, that, tho' I love and esteem him, I cannot but stand in some little Dread of his Return. I have been accustomed, even from my Infancy, to Praises and Flatteries, to Complacency and Earnestness in every Countenance, to please and serve me; none of which I must hope to find in this Man. When I did any thing which he did not approve of, his serious and melancholly Air gave me to understand how much he condemned me. When he used to be in private with me, his Maxims and Behaviour were respectful and moderate, but dry and reserved.

Do not you perceive, answer'd *Mentor*, that Princes, spoil'd by Flattery, find every thing dry and austere that is free and ingenuous; they become so nice, that every thing that does not flatter, wounds and irritates them. But let us go further. I suppose that *Philocles* is really dry and austere; is not his Austerity much better than the destructive Flattery of your Minister and his Junto of Counsellors? Where will you find a Man without Faults? And that of telling you the Truth, without Fear or Disguise, is it not what you ought to dread and apprehend the least? What do I say? Is it not a Fault very necessary at present to correct yours, and to overcome that Aversion to Virtue, into which Flattery has hurried you? You must have a Man that loves nothing but Truth and you, and even loves you better than you know how to love yourself; a Man that will tell you the Truth in Spite of you, that will force all your Resentments against it; and this necessary Man is *Philocles*. Remember that a Prince is but too happy, when his Reign produces a Man of such Generosity; such a Man is the greatest Treasure of his Kingdom; and the greatest Punishment he has to fear from the Gods, is the Loss of him, if he renders himself unworthy of so great a Blessing, for want of knowing how to make use of it. As to the Faults of good Men, you must have Judgment how to know them; but you must not upon that Account decline making use of such Men. Reform them, and never deliver yourself blindly up to the indiscreet Part of their Zeal: Nevertheless encourage them, hear them favourably, honour what is virtuous in them, and shew in publick, that you know how to distinguish it. Above all things, take Care not to imitate those Princes, who content themselves in despising corrupt, wicked

wicked Men, and yet at the same time employ them with Confidence, and heap Favours upon them; who also pique themselves in distinguishing good Men, and nevertheless only give them vain empty Praises; they neither dare trust them with Employments, nor enter into a familiar Acquaintance and Commerce with them, nor even bestow any Benefits upon them.

Then *Idomeneus* confess'd, that he was asham'd to have been so dilatory in delivering oppress'd Innocence, and punishing those who had so vilely deceived him, and abused the Confidence he repos'd in them. He immediately gave private Orders to *Hegesippus*, who was one of the principal Officers of his Household, to seize *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, and transport them to the Island of *Samos*, to leave them there, and bring back *Philoctetes* from that Place of Banishment. *Hegesippus*, surprized at these Orders, could not forbear weeping with Joy. It is now, Sir, says he to the King, that you are going to charm your Subjects, and give them some Satisfaction for all the Injuries they have received, and the Oppressions they have suffered so many Years past. It is now, indeed, that you are going to fill every honest Breast in your Kingdom with Gladness, to re-establish yourself in the Opinion of good Men, and recover that Affection of your People, which *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates* have robbed you of so long. These two Men have been the Cause of all your Misfortunes, and of all those that have fallen upon your Kingdom. They have made all the good Men of your Dominions groan for almost these ten Years past; and so great has been their Tyranny, that Men durst hardly even groan in publick. They oppress'd and ruin'd every one who attempted to have any Recourse to your Majesty, but by their Canal. Then *Hegesippus* discovered to the King an almost infinite Number of perfidious Correspondencies, and inhuman Actions, committed by those two Monsters in Mankind, of which the King had never heard a Syllable, because no body durst accuse them; he even related to him, what he had lately discovered of a Design to murder *Mentor*. The King heard a Relation of these things with Horror and Astonishment.

Hegesippus made Haste to seize *Protesilaus* in his Palace: It was not, indeed, quite so large as the King's, but much more convenient and magnificent. The Architecture was of a better Gusto, for *Protesilaus* had lavish'd away immense Sums upon this Building, and adorned it with an Expence drawn from the Sweat and Blood of his oppress'd, miserable Fellow-Subjects. This haughty Minister was, at that Time, in a Marble Salon, near his Baths, lolling carelessly upon a purple Couch embroider'd with Gold: He appear'd quite tired and fatigued with Business; his Countenance seem'd to be extreemly agitated and disorder'd, a fierce gloomy Wildness appear'd in his Eyes and Eye-brows. The greatest Lords in the Kingdom were waiting round him, on rich Carpets

Carpetsof State, and forming their Countenances after his, which they watched even to the least Glance of his Eye. He could hardly open his Mouth before every Body began to cry out with Admiration of what he was going to say. One of the principal Men, in that Crowd of Pensioners, related to him the great Obligations the King had to so consummate a Minister for the wonderful and incredible Services he had rendered him; he even push'd his Flattery and Disloyalty so far, as to tell the Company, that *Idomeneus* was indebted to *Protesilaus* for the very Crown he wore. Every one pays him Adoration, and offers Incense in his Turn. At last a Swarm of Authors appear, with their fulsome Panegyricks and Dedications: One Blockhead thanks him for the Blessings he enjoys, in common with the rest of his Fellow-Subjects, by his wise and just Administration of the publick Affairs: A second tells him, that all *Europe* looks upon him as the Model of Wit and Probity, the Father of the People, the Glory of his Country, the very Touch-Stone of Policy; whereas all *Europe*, at the same time, knows him to be a loquacious, empty, impudent Fellow, the mercenary Tool of Foreigners, the Destroyer of the Poor, the Disgrace of *Salentum*, the *Ignis fatuus* of *Idomeneus*, and the greatest Blunderer in Politicks that ever presumed to sit at the Helm of publick Affairs. A third draws him with a *Horn* of Plenty, profusely distributing among his Fellow-Subjects, all the Gifts of *Ceres*, *Vertumnus*, *Pomona*, and *Bacchus*, but takes no Notice of the Distress the *Salentines* were in a Year or two before, thro' the Scarcity of Corn; he says nothing of the great Number of Poor, that dy'd the last hard Winter, for want of Bread and Firing; nor tells how many were forced to turn Thieves, in that publick Calamity, roving about the Streets every Night, knocking down People, and robbing them of their Money, to buy Bread with. These Things he passes over, and gives *Protesilaus* the *Horn*, because he thinks he has a Right to it. *Protesilaus* heard all these Praises with a dry, disdainful, regardless Air, as a Man who knew very well that he deserved much more, and did them a great deal of Honour in permitting them to praise him. There was a Courtier who took the Liberty to whisper him something concerning the Regulations which *Mentor* endeavoured to establish: *Protesilaus* smil'd, and then all the Assembly broke into a loud Laugh, tho' very few of them knew one Word of what had been said: But *Protesilaus*, immediately resuming a severe, haughty Air, every one began to secure himself again under the former submissive, silent Looks. Several Lords, who made a great Figure and Bluster among the People, were there as humble and cringing as Spaniels under the Whip; they twatched the happy Moment in which *Protesilaus* might vouchsafe to turn his Eyes towards them, and receive their Petitions; they appeared mute and embarrassed, if they had any Favour to ask; their suppliant

fawning Postures spoke for them; they were as submissive as a Mother at the Foot of the Altars, when she begs of the Gods to cure her only Son: All seem contented, pleased, devoted to, and full of Admiration of *Protesilaus*, tho' they carried an implacable and mortal Hatred to him in their Hearts.

Hegesippus enters in that very Moment, he seizes his Sword, and tells him, that he must convey him immediately to *Samos*. At these Words, all the Arrogance of *Protesilaus* falls, like a Rock that tumbles off from the Summit of a steep Mountain, by the Violence of an Earthquake. Behold him now throwing himself at the Feet of *Hegesippus*; he trembles, he weeps, he hesitates, he stammers, he opens his wide, vociferous Jaws, but cannot utter a Word. He now embraces the Knees of a Man whom, one Moment before, he would not have vouchsafed the Honour of a Glance of his Eye. All those who had but just been adoring him, seeing him lost, beyond Redemption, now change their Flatteries into pitiless Injuries. *Hegesippus* would not even allow him Time to bid his Family farewell, nor to take certain private Writings which he begg'd for. His Palaces, his pompous Furniture and Equipages, his Plate, his Jewels, his immense Hoards of Treasure, his Lands, all were seized, and justly applied to the Discharge of the Debts he had brought upon the Nation. *Timocrates* was also arrested at the same time, at which he was exceedingly surprized. Being embroiled, and in ill Terms with *Protesilaus*, he thought he could not be involved in his Ruin; but nevertheless they are both carried in the same Vessel to *Samos*. *Hegesippus* left these two Wretches there, and, to compleat their Wretchedness, he leaves them together. They reproach one another furiously with the Crimes they had committed, which were the Cause of their Fall. They have no farther Hopes of seeing *Salentum* again, condemn'd to live for ever separated from their Wives, their Children and their Country, and to experience in themselves the Weight of those Evils which they had formerly brought upon others. They were carried into an unknown Land, where they, who had lived so many Years in Wantonness, Pomp, Luxury, and Power at Home, must now expect no other Subsistence but what they can earn by hard Labour. In this Condition, like two furious wild Beasts, they are always ready to tear each other in Pieces.

In the mean time, *Hegesippus*, favour'd by *Neptune*, arrives with *Philocles* at *Salentum*; the King is informed that the Ship is come into the Harbour; he runs to the Port with *Mentor*, to meet *Philocles*; he falls upon his Neck, he embraces him, he shows a sensible Concern and Regret for having persecuted him with so much Injustice.

This Behaviour, far from appearing a Weakness in the King, was look'd upon by all the *Salentines* as the Effort of a great Soul, which rises above its Faults, by courageously endeavouring to repair them,

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